

Sing Me To Sleep by billnsteve

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Steve Harrington

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Summary:

billy's sick, steve is a good boyfriend

Sing Me To Sleep

"Fuck this." Billy coughs into his arm as Steve drives them back to his house slowly.

"You puked in the middle of the court and passed out. You're sick." Steve rolls his eyes, glancing over at him and pushing some hair from his forehead.

If Steve was being completely honest, the whole situation scared the shit out of him and he probably got more than a few looks when he sprinted across the court and slid down to Billy's side, pulling his head into his lap and yelling at a group of guys to get the fucking nurse.

Billy slaps his hand away before breaking into a new fit of coughs.

"I'm fine. M'not sick. Let's just order a pizza and get wasted or something." Billy grumbles, crossing his arms.

"Jesus, you're impossible." Steve huffs, pulling into his driveway and running around to help Billy out.

Billy smacks his hands away and pushes himself up, nearly falling over from the rush of nausea he gets.

Steve catches him.

"Sick. See? Now quit being a pain in the ass." Steve grins cheekily at him before lacing his arm under Billy's shoulders and walking them inside.

"Never." Billy smiles tiredly, sneezing as Steve sets him down on the couch.

"Anyone ever tell you that you sneeze like a baby panda?" Steve smirks, lying Billy down and laying a blanket over him.

"Screw. You." Billy coughs weakly, turning onto his side.

"I'll be right back. Don't get up, got it?" Steve narrows his eyes at him,

crossing his arms.

"Yes, your majesty." Billy rolls his eyes before turning onto his back and glaring up at the ceiling.

Steve heads into the kitchen and grabs a rag, putting it under some cool water before wringing it out slightly. He grabs two aspirin and a bottle of water before heading back out to the living room. Billy has his eyes closed and the blanket pulled up over his nose.

"Bill. You have to sit up." Steve says softly, kneeling down beside him.

Billy groans reluctantly but pushes himself up into a sitting position anyways. Steve holds out the water and aspirin and Billy swallows it down quickly. Steve sits down beside Billy and sets the now empty glass down on the table. Billy lies his head down in Steve's lap and Steve runs his hands through Billy's dark blonde curls.

"God my head hurts." Billy grumbles, blinking up at Steve with watery eyes.

"You're really not feeling well are you?" Steve frowns, placing the cool rag over Billy's forehead.

"I barely ever get sick. When I do, it's bad." Billy shrugs weakly, rubbing his palms over his eyes.

"Well I've got you alright? So just sleep." Steve hums softly, rubbing his thumb over Billy's bottom lip.

Billy grabs Steve's hand and presses a kiss to his palm before intertwining their fingers and closing his eyes.

"My head is killing me, Harrington." Billy whines, rubbing at his closed eyes.

"Just stay still and breathe okay? Try and get some sleep and I'll make you some soup when you wake up." Steve runs his hands through Billy's hair delicately.

"M'kay pretty boy." Billy hums, sinking into Steve's touch.

Some tears roll down Billy's cheeks and Steve leans down and kisses them away, still stroking his hair.

Billy stays still and curls further into Steve's arms.

Steve sings out Here Comes the Sun by the Beatles quietly, his eyes never leaving Billy's face.

"God I love your corny ass." Billy turns and smiles into Steve's chest, his eyes still closed.

"Would you rather me sing some Metallica?" Steve snorts, biting his lip.

"No. Just keep singing." Billy sighs softly, his hands clutching onto Steve's sweater.

Steve hums out Love is All Around and before the song is even finished, Billy is snoring into his sweater.

Author's Note:

feel like i haven't posted in a bit so here's some shitty fluff i made in about 15 mins.